THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS.

THE WOOD GIANT.

From Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,
From Mad to Saco River,
For patriarchs of the primal wood
We sought with vain endeavor.

And then we said: "The giants old
Are lost beyond retrieval,
This pigmy growth the axe has spared
Is not the wood primeval.

Look where we will o'er vale and hill
How idle are our searches,
For broad-girthed maples, wide-limbed oaks,
Centennial pines and birches!

Their tortured limbs the axe and saw
Have changed to beams and trestles;
They rest in walls, they float on seas,
They rot in sunken vessels.

This shorn and wasted mountain land
Of underbrush and bowlder—
Who thinks to see its full grown tree
Must live a century older."

At last to us a woodland path,
To open sunset leading,
Revealed the Anakim of pines
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before,
Below, the lake's green islands,
Beyond, in misty distance dim,
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant!
How dwarfed the common woodland seemed,
Before the old-time giant.

What marvel that in simpler days
Of the world's early childhood
Men crowned with garlands, gifts and praise
Such monarchs of the wild-wood?

That Tyrian maids with flower and song
Danced through the hill grove's spaces,
And hoary-bearded Druids found
In woods their holy places?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe
With Christian reverence blending,
We saw our pine-tree's mighty arms
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic rune,
Now rising, and now dying,
As erst Dodona's priestess heard
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half-unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unheard power,
The loneliness of greatness?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him
Your beauty and your wonder,
Blithe sparrow, sing thy summer song
His solemn shadow under!

Play lightly on his slender keys,
O wand of summer, waking
For hills like these, the sound of seas
On far off beaches breaking!

And let the eagle and the crow
Rest on his stiff green branches,
When winds shake down his winter snow
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,
The strongest need assurance,
The sigh of longing makes not less
The lesson of endurance.

—*J. G. Whittier, in N. Y. Independent.*

OUR BIG SALMON.

A Happy Consummation Brought About by Its Capture.

It was no ordinary salmon; not one of us can speak of it even now but with bated breath and a tendency to retell this story. Several of our friends think it time to go the moment that grand fish thrusts its nose into the conversation. Lord Duffer even departed in a huff yesterday afternoon because we persisted in a final gossip upon the subject; but he is devoid of all sense of either romance or sport, without which incongruous ingredients our salmon can not be dished up for conversational purposes; or perhaps—as I pause the others accept the hypothesis with many-voiced acclamations—he was in love with Ethel himself! She who ought to know best denies this, but her good nature in sheltering rejected lovers from ridicule is proverbial in the family.

It is perhaps the most perfect hour of the year, viz., six o'clock on a July evening, and especially perfect because we are just going to have tea, an event which attains exceptional importance owing to the fact that luncheon at the stifling hour of one was a farce. We have been out since early morning, a state of things which has obtained ever since our arrival in Wales ten days ago, and are grouped in picturesque attitude, such as girls naturally adopt when in momentary expectation of the return of the gentlemen, round the head of a rocky pool some miles up the river.

This spot has, after an exhaustive examination of the entire neighborhood, been pronounced by the family the beau ideal of romantic perfection. The murmur of the fall soothes our ears; Captain Croft calls such music a "ceaseless din," but men of his stamp have no business outside London; in fact his adverse verdict alone would be enough to decide us in having afternoon tea here. It is pleasant to lie on the rocks staring down into the glittering blackness of the deep pool, while the pressence of the heavy salmon which lives at its lower end, and occasionally startles us with a loud splash, is fraught with ceaseless excitement.

Dick and Captain Croft have often tried him with everything, from a "Jack Scott" to a "Silver Doctor," without getting the ghost of an offer from his majesty. They will soon return, surly, after the bootless fatigue of long wading, and, if we know anything of a fisherman's nature, try him yet again.

Meantime; we light a fire of dry sticks and arrange everything in a way calculated to cheer the eyes of disappointed anglers.

We are disgusted to see Captain Croft returning first, and more still to see Ethel with him, for Dick has long been her slave, and we did hope to find that he and Ethel would be together and that something would occur to prevent his threatened departure to-morrow morning. It this afternoon turns out blank, we give up hope, for Dick is due in India in October, and will not get another chance with Ethel.

This morning Captain Croft killed two sewin, and Ethel was the only one of us civil enough to congratulate him. Dick appeared at lunch with an empty creel, bronzed and tired, but as usual, cheerful. This cheerfulness of his, added to a curious habit—very curious, even unique, considering his sex—of thinking of every one else before himself have helped to make us worship Dick as an elder brother.

"I wish *some* of you *would* be a shade less saterly," I heard him mutter the other night when Ethel said with a guileless smile: "We all look upon you quite as a brother, you know, Dick."

Captain Croft and Ethel, whom we received with dignified stiffness, throw out strong hints upon the subject of tea, but we request them not to be greedy, which is uncivil, and declare that the kettle is not boiling, which is untrue. Possibly we rather astonish Captain Croft with our rudeness, but we are sure about Dick, and our enemy has often enough disavowed all surprise at the vagaries of our sex.

While the angler, finding us too difficult for conversation, turns over the leaves of his fly-book meditatively, Ethel reclines among the sea of brake-fern which envelops our camp. I observe her from behind a book, and reflected for the thousandth time that the multitude of her conquests is not to be wondered at. Who can withstand such blue eyes and soft curly hair and the dimples which come and go as she speaks? Again, her voice is like the warble of a nightingale, and—but sister Ethel is a theme which, from its exceeding attractiveness, I must label "dangerous."

As Dick comes in sight, clambering over the rocks with his long rod over his shoulder, I fancy I detect an added light in her eyes, but she only remarks casually: "Now you girls have got your hero back again, perhaps you will give us some tea."

"Fish?" says Dick; "not a fin. Might as well throw a fly on dry ground as on this gin-clear water."

He sits down, and we recover our spirits and temper a little. But he is not himself, for being really anxious about him and Ethel, I observe him closely and note the elaboration of effort in his mirth.

"I wish he was not so humble-minded. Probably he will not even ask her," so run my thoughts.

After our painstaking preparations tea is not to be dismissed in a moment. Our contemplative enjoyment of it, however, is broken in upon by a loud shout from fourteen-year-old Bella. "Look, the salmon!" and she points to the curving eddies which mark the spot where the big fish has risen.

"By gum," says Dick, jumping up in haste, "it's a regular sockdolager. "Take my rod, Croft, and try for it."

"No, no, it's your turn. I had the last."

But good-natured Dick thrusts the rod into his friend's hand and drags off his own hat to examine the flies in it.

Our loud-tongued entreaties are to him as the idle wind; but a gentle, low-voiced request from Ethel veers him round in a moment. He takes the rod and glides cautiously down to the water's edge, crouched behind rocks, and with beating hearts we watch every movement of Dick's fingers.

"I shall show him a big dark fly first"—his words scarcely reach us through the noise of the fall—"I should never land such a 'whopper' on a small hook."

He seems an age affixing that fly and then wetting it. As he lengthens his line out a yard or more each cast, and the black wings and silver body float nearer and nearer to the spot where the great fish rose, our excitement reaches almost to bursting point, and little Bella has to be held down by force.

There, it must have been right over his nose that time! I almost wonder that Dick has the courage to go on working his fly at all. But no ripple breaks the surface. His majesty gazes unmoved upon the black and silver. Two or three more throws and Dick reels up his line.

"Try him with a small 'Jock Scott' now," Captain Croft, caught by the prevailing excitement, speaks in a solemn whisper.

"All right. Throw me one over."

Again the wetting process has to be gone through and again seems more endless than before.

At last the brilliant-hued "Jock Scott" is almost over the big fish. Dick balances himself carefully for the next cast. The rod curves back, swings forward, and the fly, delivered straight and freely, drops gently on to the water a couple of yards above the salmon. Hardly has the line sunk an inch below the surface before there is a heaving boil and swirl of water as the great fish bounds to the surface. There is not one of us girls who would not at this juncture have thrown the rod down with a shriek.

In a moment Jack has struck. His rod is a hoop; the line flashes through the water; the whirling reel makes music in our ears.

"Down to the bottom of the pool, and drive him back if he makes for the rapid." We obey Dick like children, except Ethel, who stands beside him and views the struggle, so to say, from the grand stand.

The first rush is straight toward the dangerous rapid, but a strenuous splashing from us drives the fish back in time.

"By Jove! that was a near shave though," and Dick wipes his forehead hastily.

Both Dick and Captain Croft afterward declared that they had never seen a fish show such sport as this one did.

One grand rush after another seems to leave him as fresh as ever. He is across the pool, down the pool, under the white water at the top, and almost under Dick's feet—all in a moment. Again and again he hurls himself into the air, and his great silvery side almost dazzles our eyes with its glitter.

Little Bella positively cries with excitement, and one or two of us would fain do likewise.

I have that strange feeling anglers have often described to me, which makes the burning reality of the moment blot out past and future. The fate of the universe seems to hang on this one fish; if he is once landed, I feel that the struggle of life will be over.

For thirty-eight minutes does that fish keep us palpitating round that pool, then he begins to tire. His rushes are shorter and shorter. Dick is getting him in hand.

One last effort for freedom, however, he makes, in spite of a shower of stones from us, and the strain put upon him by sixteen feet of greenheart, that gallant fish struggles into the head of the rapid.

Dick comes running down the bank, losing line even then, for the current of the narrows is furious.

Through the neck at the bottom of the pool flashes the salmon like lightning. The sight of bowlders and broken water renews his courage. Dick's course down stream is arrested by a big rock; his line is run out to the last yard. This prince of fishes will escape after all! Dick looks upon the swirling water and sets his teeth. There is a last chance, but a risky one.

"Don't, Dick; you would be drowned to a certainty," we shout in chorus. Ethel implores him with tears in her eyes not to risk it. He looks gratefully at her, but shakes his head. It flashes across me that if the expression of her face at this moment does not give him heart to ask her a certain interesting question on the way home, why, he doesn't deserve her.

Nothing short of cart ropes would stop Dick now his blood is up; he steps into the hurrying water and is taken off his legs in a moment and washed against a rock; now he regains his footing and staggers on a yard or two, now loses it once more.

"No fish in the world is worth such dangerous work as this. What a reckless chap it is," thus Captain Croft anxiously.

While making a short detour round the rocks we lose sight of the angler for a moment; then, rushing breathlessly down to the water again, find him lying upon the bank, much shaken, bruised and exhausted, but holding on to his rod doggedly.

"The fish is sulking in the lower pool," he explains, emptying the water from his pockets. "When I've had a rest you must come and rouse him up with stones."

This respite is brief. That game fish is soon careering round the second pool, but the effort is a final one. Very soon he is lying in the shallow water, almost passive.

We have no gaff with us, and Captain Croft's big landing net would not even hint at inclosing such a leviathan as this.

Dick leads the fish steadily shoreward until it is almost aground; then Captain Croft, warily circling around it, scoops it up in both arms, and, behold, the great salmon is glittering among the ling and heather!

A loud cheer arises from the whole party, and little Bella, in a paroxysm of triumph, kneels beside the silver monster and kisses its slippery side.

"Thirty pounds at least," we cry.

"No, twenty-five, perhaps," say the gentlemen. "And a grand fish in perfect condition."

The excitement of the sport has completely driven all thoughts of Dick's coming departure from my mind, but they now return with force. "He *shall* have a chance," I declare to myself, and ponder a little while the others are steeped in fish-worship.

"Dick," I exclaim, authoritatively, "you must go home at once, instead of loitering about here, dripping like a Newfoundland dog. Ethel and I will walk back with you."

Catching Dick's eye, I see that he understands me. "Come along," he says.

Ethel takes my arm on the side remote from Dick. She is remarkably silent, and shows a tendency to blush about nothing, fearing possibly that her anxiety about Dick's dangerous escapade just now may have betrayed her. Dick, feeling that he is now, as he would himself phrase it, "in for it," maintains a no less impenetrable dumbness. Never have two such leaden companions fallen to my lot before or since.

It is a relief that the beauty of the winding moorland path, stretching away behing us, compels me to stop and take out my sketch-book.

"I'll stay with you," says Ethel, nervously.

"What, and leave poor old Dick to jog home alone?"

"Eh?" says Dick, looking at me with comical terror. "Don't let me drag her with me if she wants to stay."

"Nonsense; go away, Ethel. I can't have you fidgeting about me while I am drawing."

Their assinuous good nature in preparing my water-color box and block for action knows no bounds; neither fulsome hints nor cross requests will induce them to depart. At length, when I am busy with my first wash, and refuse with sulky steadfastness to answer any more questions, or to offer any further pretext for their moving hand or foot on my behalf, they stroll shyly off together, Ethel's eyes on the ground, Dick's on the distant horizon.

Craning round upon my camp stool, I watch them down the long slope of brake-fern and heather, straining my eyes as they grow indistinct after crossing the stream, and finally disappear, to leave me none the wiser for all my gazing.

Anxiety prevents my sitting still for ten minutes together. My sketch is a curiosity—a phenomenal specimen of the kind of daub producible by the convulsive dashes of a hand totally unassisted by a mind, which is too agitated to do its duty.

My eyes yearn to pierce the small knoll behind which the twain have disappeared. Are those two heads any nearer to each other than when I saw them last?

For years we have looked upon Dick as a brother; to-morrow night, when he has departed, many tears will be shed which he will know nothing of. His going to India, too, is a mere freak, a decision reversible, I really believe, by a single word from Ethel. Again, Dick is his own master, unhampered by that lack of gold which quenches the hopes of so many young fellows. Well, I have done my best, and, now they have had a clear hour with their fate in their own hands, may as well collect my paraphernalia and follow them.

As I pace homeward and gaze over the swelling hills, the sun setting "beyond their utmost purple rim," saddens me. Solitude and the gloom of eventide, melancholy as a long-drawn sign of nature, settle upon my soul; by the time I have reached the last bridge to be crossed, the castles I have built concerning Dick and Ethel have crumbled one by one.

Suddenly I stumble upon them among the rocks, and my hopes rush to the surface once more; the glow of happiness upon these two faces admits of but one explanation.

"You old brick," begins Dick, clasping my two hands with a fervor which I trust he will never repeat. "If it hadn't been for you, I should never have done it!"

"And Lucy," add Ethel in a thrilling voice, with her arms round my neck, "you're a dear old thing; if it hadn't been for the salmon and Dick's going in after it, he never would have——"

"Done this," interpolates Dick, kissing her again and again, with a cool indifference to my presence which bathes her face in crimson. "But we haven't the courage to go in without you," he adds, when he has quite done his whispers in her ear.

"You'll have to, though. Master Dick," I reply, dashing onward and into the midst of the astonished group in the inn parlor.

"It's twenty pounds ten ounces," shouts Bella, by way of greeting.

"Come outside, girls," I exclaim breathlessly, "and I'll show you something worth a hundred salmon."

As we emerge from the door the soft twilight shows us the prettiest picture we have ever looked upon; and the happiness which underlies the shyness of the one face and the sparkle and triumph of the other wakes an answering chord in our hearts as we murmur: "Welcome, brother."—*London Society.*

FEET "IN" AND "OUT."

The Awkward Manner in Which Some Men and Women Walk.

"Look at that fellow's foot!"

The newspaper man looked in the direction indicated and beheld the object of his friend's remark. The foot was attached to the leg of an elegantly dressed young gentleman. The foot indicated was the right foot, and it was only of moderate size, but it made a terrible imprint in the mud which carpeted the places where the crossing usually exists at street corners.

The left foot was of the same size, but it made a print only about one-half as large, and a very neat impression it was. The owner of the pair was, as before remarked, handsomely dressed, and would have presented a very stylish appearance but for the right foot, which was not acting in a right manner.

"Flippity flop, flippity flop!" said the gruff man, keeping time with his words to the step of the stylish young gentleman. "That young fellow hasn't yet learned what a child ought to have done during its first year on earth. He hasn't learned to walk."

The whole trouble with the young man was a peculiarity which the reporter soon learned is quite common; he turned the right foot "in" and managed the other one properly with the toes turned slightly "out." "Now you just notice," said the gruff man, "how many people there will come along in the next few minutes who walk along as civilized beings ought to walk."

The first man who came by the watching pair was a short, fat one. He was hurrying along, breathing short and perspiring freely. He had a very black cigar in his mouth, and he blew out a short, thick puff of smoke, with every breath averaging two puffs to every step. He turned both feet squarely out, almost at right angles with his body.

"Now he goes to an extreme," remarked the gruff-voiced man, "but he errs on virtue's side. He'd better turn them both out than walk pigeon-toed. If he didn't turn them out, with all the weight of fat he has to carry, he'd probably fall down pretty often. Now look at this."

He referred to a tall young man whose costume included a pair of very short pants. This young man leaned forward, and his long body rocked from side to side as he propelled himself forward. He turned both feet "in." His pedal extremities looked like two very young lovers promenading along a moonlit lane and trying to look into each others' eyes.

While the sentiment which the feet expressed was beautiful, the practical part of their normal position had its unpleasant features, for the young man, happening to meet an obstacle in his path, suddenly turned aside and trod upon his own toes, and a grimace of pain and annoyance distorted his otherwise beaming countenance.

He recovered his balance in a moment, however, and along came three young ladies, side by side, and all talking at once. Each one turned "in" a foot, two of them the right foot, and the third, apparently "to be odd," turned "in" the left.

Upon the "turned-in" foot in each case was a crooked boot heel, while the other one was all right, with its tiny brass attachment smoothly and evenly worn. They were pretty ladies, and could only be graceful when they walked bearing upon the arm of another, or when they were dancing or sitting.

Out of twenty-five people inspected by the self-appointed committees of two, there were only a half-dozen who walked gracefully, and the cause of the lack of grace in the other cases was only due to their manner of managing their feet.

The habit of turning "in" one foot was noticed to prevail, especially among ladies. "That's all owing to training," said the gruff gentleman. "Most girls learn to talk before they learn to walk, and that's why the majority of ladies talk more and better than they walk."

The gruff gentleman was a bachelor.

"The people who train them think of telling them how to carry their heads and their hands, how to smile and to throw their shoulders back. They show them how to manage a train and how to hold their fans, and they forget all about their feet, excepting to caution them about wearing shoes large enough for them, unless the girls have corns or are going to dance."—*Denver Tribune.*

—The British colonies include the richest and largest forests in the world, extending over millions of square acres. In India alone about 60,000 square miles are afforested, and the forests of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony are second to none in size and the variety and value of their productions. But there is no knowledge of forestry and no school of the art in France and Germany. Consequently the acreage under timber there and in Great Britain itself is small and constantly decreasing. Of the 20,000,000 square acres of Scotland, only about 700,000 to 800,000 acres are woodland.

—Teacher: "Define 'snoring.'" Small boy: "Letting off sleep."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Edward Everett Hale thinks newspaper men should eat five meals a day.

—Sarah Bernhardt is said to have earned 13,000,000 francs since she first trod the stage.

—A solid family is that of the Messrs. Gilbert, in Pottstown, Pa., where the four brothers' united weight is 1,100 pounds.

—"Extra Billy" Smith, ex-Governor of Virginia, is ninety years old. He lives in happiness upon the broad acres of his farm near Warrentown, Va.

—Henry Ward Beecher says that the first public address made by him was on temperance, at Brattleboro, Vt., while he was a student at Amherst College.

—J. S. McCalmont, the new Commissioner of Customs at Philadelphia, was born on the same day as General Grant, and they were at West Point together.

—Claimants of the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories are now confronted by the positive assertion that they were written by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who recently died, and who preferred to rest her reputation on more solid works.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" still continues one of the world's books. Its popularity is undiminished, as is evidenced by the fact that a dollar edition is soon to be issued. This price is far below any at which the book has heretofore retailed.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Conductor Ambrose and Miss Nancy A. Malone were married on the train on the Leweckley branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad Friday, the passengers being the guests. The train was running at a rapid rate of speed during the ceremony.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Miss Sarah Landreau, who was once the reigning belle of Savannah, Ga., has for thirty-five years lived a hermit life in a log cabin near Fayetteville, Ga., because of a disappointment in love. She was to have been married, and the night of the wedding the groom eloped with another woman.—*St. Louis Post.*

—The story that Dr. Newman received $10,000 for participating in the funeral services of the son of ex-Governor Stanford, of California, has been denied. The Governor says he paid Dr. Newman nothing, and that he is under obligations to the clergyman for "many kindly services and true and tactful sympathies."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Hugh Conway," now known equally well by his name, F. J. Fargus, was a Bristol auctioneer, and probably few of his clients were aware that the gentlemanly, matter-of-fact man of business, who conducted their sales or valued their furniture for them, was the author of the graceful little poems and clever sketches signed with that nom de plume which were to be read in magazines and newspapers.—*Hartford Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—When a photagrapher, in the exercise of his business, uses a black cloth, does he do so in order to make his camera obscura?—*Puck.*

—A correspondent wants to know if bees ever lose their temper. We can't say, but we are positive their stings don't.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"How do poets live?" asks an anxious inquirer in an esteemed contemporary. Blest if we know. Some of 'em work the free-lunch routes and others saw wood.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A subscriber asks: "How old must a person with a general talent be before you deem him old enough to begin studying the art of music with success?" The older the better. We have heard people sing who ought to have postponed their musical studies until three or four years after their death.—*Exchange.*

—A student in instrumentation wishes to know on what instruments he should score a success. We should not advise him to begin with such an ambitious work. Let his first work be a score of simpler character. A base-ball score, for example, would be a "striking" affair, if he arranged it in a modern "pitch," and gave the conductor a chance to use his "bat-on."—*Musical Herald.*

—De Kaggs—"There is a most peculiar odor, Judge, that issues from a crevice in the bank near my house. I think it is natural gas." Judge—"Why don't you test it?" "I don't know of any convincing test." "Touch a lighted match to the crevice." "But it might explode and blow me up." "Well great Scot! do you want any more convincing proof than that?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Any quails about this neighborhood?" inquired a tourist as he was about to register at a Lake George hotel. "Quails!" said the proprietor with an indulgent smile, "they have got to be a nuisance. The cook complains that he can't throw a piece of refuse toast out of the back window but what four or five fat quails fight to see which one shall lie down on it. Here, Front, show the gentleman to parlor A.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Scotch minister was once ordered "beef tea" by his physician. The next day the patient complained that it made him sick. "Why, minister," said the doctor, "I'll try the tea myself." So, putting some in a skillet, he warmed it and told the minister it was excellent. "Man," said the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?" "What ither way should it be suppit? It's excellent, I say minister." "It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye like it!"

—"It isn't true, is it?" asked Rollo, as he finished reading "The Pied Piper of Hamelin:" "it isn't true that he could play on the pipe so that the rats would go off and drown themselves?" "Well," replied Rollo's father, "I don't know about that, I think it may be true. Your Uncle George can play the flute so that it will scare a cow into the river and drive all the dogs in the precinct howling crazy. Yes, I guess the poem is true." And Rollo's Uncle George was so mad he couldn't see, and he held his paper straight in front of him and read clear through one of Sam Jones' sermons before he found out that it wasn't an account of the base-ball game.—*Chicago Tribune.*